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If our friends who favor us with manuscripts for reditection wish to have rejected afficies returned hey must in all-cases send slamps for that purpose.

A Hint to Secretary Dickinson

Of the nature and extent of Secretary PICKINSON'S observations in Porto ico, Cuba, Santo Domingo and elsethere we know nothing at the present noment. He has just returned to Vashington, and the stains of travel ave hardly been removed from his strious clothes. But we can tell him hat enormous progress in the art of or has been made since he departed om these shores. We have not only scovered but we have proved that volutions in Central America, and umably; everywhere else in the exdosive belt, can be managed without ring a gun or shedding a single-drop of ious human blood Secretary DICKINSON didn't know this

hen he sailed away, intent upon intigation, but he knows it now, or will s soon as he can effect a conjunction th Secretary KNox and, heart to heart. er the story of Nicaragua,

The revolutionary army of ESTRADA concentrated at Bluefields, the Ze-forces were confronting him. Our wal expedition, with a rich accoment of commissary stores, soon preared in the immediate offing, here may have been other munitions a more warlike nature awaiting an portunity. That was not our affair. e rifles and ammunition may or may ot have been landed. Let it pass. But e do know that the Zelayistas promptly erted in large numbers, that there a loud outery of hungry stomachs, nd very soon our warships disgorged heir commissary and the Zelaya legion numbed to the magic touch of three puare meals a day. And so the news spread. The once ferocious commtents are melting to the invitation of he trough.

The United States ration is the very rince of peacemakers. Insurgents of st kind surrender to it We Eggs to the Hon, JACOB MCGAVOCK DICKINSON that he revise all his theos. benevolent or otherwise, of interention in Spanish American disturb-

The Deputy at Albany.

Among the presistibly humorous inciits of recent Republican polities at compare with the recent elevation of idence their salvation may be effected."
Therefore it is urged that anship of the Finance Committee of HON, HENRY W. HILL.

pinion differed, the Hon. HENRY W. fied, in his presence. HILL and the Hon. JOTHAM P. ALLOS The intelligence of dogs, the receptivthey fled the roll call. For years that made a great impression upon Monor ALLDs and Hull by the sergeant at dog "by the trench of a town, forsake a rms that they might be recorded on a plain and even path and take a worse

of every important roll call. frection his declaration would take. he will know that too." lefore the first roll call he fled like a Some one has said that a dog is what ep to the slaughter.

OTHAM P. ALLDS. That his colleagues than the man with whom their lot is cast. they can find him is the safest of fore- refinement and better manners. It is Not knowing where he is going himself, TLG will never imperiously force upon Barry a mistaken personal policy.

has observed about the ethics that obling to the travellers in transit, and when the two leaders of tain among dogs—one authority said Walker with his free lances added his

Mr. ALLDs is now entitled to the first ence, he says: flight. Or, if another plan seems more equitable, we believe they can agree to select different doorways. For the policy to which it has now committed itself we think the Republican party has chosen its Senate leaders with an unexpected flash of genuine inspiration. When it comes to a retreat we believe the present leader and deputy leader can command respect among the rear guard generals of all ages. Personally rivals in previous achievement, united the Hon. JOTHAM P. ALLDS and the Hon. HENRY W. HILL

Dogs.

need fear no future event.

No man can write about the dog and do justice to him unless he has had a dog for a chum. That is why ROBERT Louis Stevenson wrote such a labored and paltry essay about dogs. Never could he have been on terms of sympathetic intimacy with one. When we read what Mr. HENRY C. MERWIN has to say about dogs in the January Atlantic Monthly we know that he has lived with them, loved them and cherished them, and that they have helped to educate and ennoble him as he has brought them up in the way they should go. The dogless Mr. MERWIN feels for, the dog haters he commiserates, allowing that the aversion is in their blood. The most thorough paced and unrelenting dogbaiter he ever knew was a money lender. apparently a note shaver, who agitated against dogs in the press and constantly in his speech, as a man with an obsession. He never tired of telling how a terrier that did not know him leaned upon a street car and nipped him deep in the calf of the leg. "Probably this men at Washington, particularly among story," says Mr. MERWIN, "strange as it may sound, was substantially true. The notable achievement in statesmanship. perceptions of the dog are wonderfully

We think it was Dr. JOHN BROWN, he of the Rab classic, who said that every family should have a dog, as "it keeps them all young." Mr. MERWIN submits that the dog has a mission: "to teach mankind that the universe is ruled by love." On his owner and all the folks about the house the dog lavishes a spontaneous, unlimited and uncritical affection that puts the love of man for man to shame. There would doubtless be better men and women, more of them. that is, if the keeping of eligible and lovable dogs were compulsory. Mr. brought up with; this is more true than into the slot. subtile. Thus, he has noted, a crow and a dog in the same family have been good is well known. Even a fox terrier can summer night's dream for those that learn to esteem a cat. During the present cold "spell" we have seen a cat House Committee on Military Affairs, he body of a thick coated dog sprawled on call to arms, and contemplation of his a porch and also dozing, each drawing heat and comfort from the other's fur and affection. The need of some men dog-Mr. MERWIN illustrates:

" When a man invariably has money in the bank and is respectable and respected, was graduated at Harvard, has a decorous wife and children, has still others to be disclosed as the trial never been carried away by any passion or enthusiasm, knows the right people, and conforms strictly to the customs of good society, and when this sort of thing has been going on for perhaps ses and manipulate the food supply two or three generations, then there is apt to creep of a bronze statue. Such persons are really de generates of their peculiar kind, and need to be saved, perhaps by desperate measures. Let them clope with a cook; let them get religion of a violent . . . kind; or if they cannot do that, let Ibany, and there have been many, them get a dog, give him the run of the house, love me in its modestly minor way can him and spoil him, and so, by the blessing of Prov-

Therefore it is urged that not only correct people of enviable social standhe Senate, a post that carries with it ing, but also reformers and philanhe deputy leadership of the majority thropists, should keep dogs-"that the the upper house. If anything could spontaneous element may not wholly e conceived more permanently appeal- die out of them." Our philosopher ng to any sense of the ridiculous than the humbly confesses that he hated a cadership of the Hon. JOTHAM P. ALLDS, certain reformer until he discovered t must be the deputy leadership of the him one day, spectacles tilted on nose, combing with a beatific expression the In the old days, now rapidly becoming coat of his spaniel. It was Sir WALTER raditional, the legend at the Capitol, Scott who said: "The misery of keep- Carson Jamison, now of Oklahoma, is hich defied all challenge, was that be- ing a dog is his dying so soon; but to be ween ALLDS and HILL there existed sure, if he lived for fifty years and then keen if friendly rivalry. Whenever, died, what would become of me?" ,Mr. the story ran, a question was raised MERWIN puts it in this way: "If he or vote, involving any doubtful issue, lived to be fifty, he would know so much my unsettled problem on which public that we should be uneasy, perhaps terri-

avariably collided in the doorway, as ity and retentiveness of their minds, timely, for the doings, the places and ned likely to have no end the search TAIGNE. He had seen the blind man's est yete was the regular concomitant only to keep his master further from the ditch." He mentions admiringly A great openness of mind character- the dog of the "wise Hesiod" who conzed the Hon. HENRY W. HILL in those vinced the sons of Ganistor of Naulays of the leadership of RAINES and pactus that its master had been mur-MALBY. All great questions of doubt- dered, and cites the case of the dog who ader unsettled to the day when de- at a muster of King PYRRHUS'S army. ision could be postponed no more. Later there was the avenging Dog of Always, when escape was finally cut Montargis of familiar legend. Surely there remained the delicious half hour wisdom daily and living fifty years when the Hon. HENRY W. HILL ex- could teach man many things if speech dained to a wondering Senate the vote were vouchsafed it. Brief as the dog's e was about to cast, and never till the life, "it is impossible," as Mr. MERWIN the rush to the Californian gold fields

amb from the locomotive; to the last you make him. Mr. MERWIN evidently and final vote he was dragged, as a does not subscribe to this view, nor do we. It implies that the man is always For the leadership of the Hon, HENRY superior to his dog, when the contrary ral second in command to the Hon. nobler and gentler and more thoughtful States authorities. fill follow him cheerfully whenever and the small dogs have often more That under his guidance all true, however, that the dog being imiash and thoughtless embarkations upon tative can be made a dog of peace and taking was as much in the air as it is paths will be shunned is certain. harmony by a good example and ready to-day; yet the route by river and lake discipline. The pugnacity of a fox ter- to the Pacific Coast was one of the highfeel certain that the Hon. HENRY W. rier can be toned down, the ferocity of a ways to California. The chronic revomastiff restrained. What Mr. MERWIN lutions were therefore unusually annoyhas observed about the ethics that ob- ing to the travellers in transit, and when

feel certain will exist. Over long years about how little organized Christianity they never disagreed save over the single has done for the lower animals we have proposition of which was entitled to not time to follow. He is not sure but escape first when danger in the roll call the dog has a soul, and in the doubt, was imminent. As leader, we presume, after treating the question with rever-

"We do not know what or whence they are but we do know that their nature resembles ours: that they have individuality, as we have it; that they feel pain, both physical and mental, that they are capable of affection; that, although inno cent, as we believe, their sufferings have been, and are, unspeakable. Is there no mystery here?"

There is a touching story of BIS-MARCK, the man of blood and iron, releasing himself from his eldest son, who was leading him away from his dying reichshund Sultan, and returning with working features to sit by the dog's side until the end came. Von Posch-INGER vouches for it. "Those old German forefathers of ours," said the great man when he could control his voice. "had a kind religion. They believed that after death they would again meet in the celestial hunting ground all the good dogs that had been their faithful companions in life. I wish I could be-

Beauty and Greatness in the Net. The trial in Washington of Mr. JULES M. WATERBURY, alias JULIUS FORD, is developing a reasonable amount of merriment. It appears that Mr. WATER-BURY, alias FORD, approached a number of our national statesmen with a scheme to furnish them with lifelike photographs and purely non-partisan biographical sketches. Some of these pictures and articles were to be placed in various newspapers, and the others held in reserve for great emergencies by the blushing beneficiaries.

The testimony so far developed by the trial goes to show that WATERBURY did a thriving business among our great those of unusual physical beauty and For example, he caught the Hon, Ju-LIUS CESAR BURROWS, senior Senator from Michigan, for about \$150. The Hon. RICHARD BARTHOLDT of Missouri fell for \$62. He had so impressed the country by his honorable warfare in the interest of peace and so successfully suggested the possession of extraordinary loveliness that there was a general demand for Mr. BARTHOLDT's counterfeit presentment and for a full and complete chronicle of his exploits. Always yielding to the demands of a country at once devoted and beloved, Mr. BAB-THOLDT blew in \$62 for pictures and biographies. The beating heart of the MERWIN points out that the dog not only American people had to be stilled, if loves man but loves other animals he is only for a moment, and his money went

There too was the Hon, JOHN A. T. HULL of Iowa, not much to speak of as comrades. The love for cats of dogs regards mere bulk, but fair as any midhave eyes to see. Chairman of the curled up and sleeping snugly on the lives up to the rôle. His whiskers are a legs leads on to gaudiam certaminis in its most unbridled shape. WATER-BURY, alias FORD, caught him for \$56: for the example of an honest, unaffected whether coming or going we do not know, nor does it greatly matter. He caught him as he caught Burrows, BARTHOLDT, McHARG and others, with proceeds. He held out not the ordinary fly paper of commerce, but fly paper smeared thinly with molasses, and patriots and statesmen in considerable numbers alighted on it and found their check books anchored.

We look forward to the ultimate developments of the Waterbury case with undisguised interest. Already it has communicated rapture to all sensitive observers. Of the fruits of its prolongation we shrink from prophesying, but we expect all sorts of things.

Americans in Nicaragua.

Though even the civil war has not wholly dimmed the fame of WALKER the filibuster, who kept all Central America in turmoil for several years, it has thrown the time that preceded so far back that it is rather startling to come upon a survivor of the expedition vigorous enough to tell the story of that remarkable adventure. Mr. JAMES close on his eightieth year, yet his memory is strong enough to retain the minute details of the fights of nearly sixty years ago, and these he relates clearly and concisely in a little volume that bids fair to be authoritative on that strange episode. With Walker in Nicaragua," published at Columbia, Mo. The book is very even the personal names are much the same as are being reported day by day from Nicaragua now.

To Mr. Jamison his leader, WILLIAM WALKER, continues to be a hero to the present day. To be sure he has little idea of what his purpose or his motives were, but he is sure that they were noble and patriotic; perhaps the establishment of order in the revolutionary ful issue remained for the new deputy exposed assassins (afterward executed) Central American States by the superior talent for organization and administration of the Anglo-Saxon. As regards himself, he confesses that he joined the off, doors locked and debate cut short, a dog of average intelligence acquiring expedition for the pure love of fighting and adventure. The war with Mexico had intensified in the boys of the United States their contempt for the "greasers" faintly audible whisper of the aye or says, "to conceal any weakness of char-no did he or his audience know the acter from him; and if you are strong profit, or at any event exciting experiprofit, or at any event exciting experiences, were to be looked for in the neighboring barbarous and unsettled countries, where lawlessness would not be checked. The repression of WALKER'S attack on Lower California met with little sympathy in San Francisco, and it W. Hill we predict great things. In is sometimes the case. The large dogs—was easy for him to gather around him the present emergency he is patently the the Great Dane, the St. Bernard, the devil-may-care young fellows for anwas easy for him to gather around him man to lead the majority party, the nat- Newfoundland, the Collie-are often other attempt out of reach of the United

Nicaragua was of much more importance to the United States in the fifties than it is now. Though the canal project was discussed, any practical under-Republican party in the Senate we years ago there were 189 varieties—and contribution to their troubles, he at-

tracted more attention from the foreign Governments than he would have if he had selected a republic less traversed by Americans and Europeans. As to the internal politics of Nicaragua, they seem to have been as unintelligible then as now, save for the constant fact that the

outs wished to overthrow the ins. The appearance of WALKER with his fifty armed adventurers was apparently as unwelcome to the party he chose to join as to their opponents. resisted the efforts of his new chiefs to scatter his men among different corps and held his band together. They were reenforced from time to time by other adventurers from the Pacific Coast, and for two years controlled Nicaragua, though they had to fight almost constantly. WALKER interfered with the company that controlled the traffic across Nicaragua, a company consisting of capitalists in the United States. and found it impossible to obtain recognition at Washington for any of the Governments he set up. Either on his side or the opposite we find the Nicaraguan names that appear in the telegrams to-day, ESTRADA, CHAMORRA MARTINEZ, HERRERA, and so forth.

At last WALKER was driven to bay and obliged to surrender to a United States naval officer. He and his companions were deported in 1857, but from New Orleans he repeatedly attempted to get back to Nicaragua. In the summer of 1860 he managed with a few folowers to land at Truxillo in Honduras, was starved into surrendering to the captain of a British man-of-war, who handed him over to the Hondurans and they shot him. His name has become legendary in the South and West, and JOAQUIN MILLER has written verses over his grave. We may try to imagine what might have become of WILLIAM WALKER if he had put off his last expedition for few months, when the civil war would have begun, or what might have grown out of his Nicaraguan adventure had the United States then been trained to strenuousness and to an understanding of its mission to preserve order among

Brutality on the police force should be an impossible occurrence.—District Attorney CLARGE of Kings County.

the Latins.

It will be a common occurrence in New York until policemen are trained as well as ordered to bring their prisoners in without using the club. In most cases of police violence the prisoner has made no physical resistance, but has only "talked back." Hard words hurt no policeman; he is not on the force to resent verba insults. In some cases the clubbing has been absolutely without provocation and has followed a mere protest against way the policeman is performing duty. In seeking to check police brutality and summarily punish offenders Mayor GATNOR is doing as much for the force as for the citizen, and he is as much com mended by the honest policeman as by citizens for his intervention.

AN ILLINOIS PROTEST.

How the "Deep Waterway" Scheme Viewed at Close Range.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: article of a few days ago in reference to the cians and others along the Mississippi River o raid the United States Treasury to the ex tent of hundreds of millions, with no reason able hope that a fourteen foot channel ever would be obtained in the first place, and no ason to believe that if obtained such hannel would last a single day; and further, with the absolute certainty that dug such a channel would be of no use. millions used for this purpose would be in the last twenty-five years "to improve the rivers of the West, and of all other re gions, for that matter.

The people of Illinois, at all events all

but an inconsiderable portion, are not for the "deep waterway" scheme at all. They know that a merchant in St. Louis or Chicago or anywhere along the river who has a cargo of goods in New Orleans would rush them by railroad and have them sold be-fore a steamboat or barge could bring them half way up the river. Those promoters, capitalists, lobbyists, lawyers and contractors who are backing the scheme would revel and "scrap" to decide who should handle the money, and a few thousand laborers would add a little to the appear ance of prosperity along the river towns while no inland town, city, village or resi dent would ever receive one nickel's worth
of benefit.

J. Wilson Jones.
McLeansboro, Ill., January 10.

IN THE LITERARY LINE. The Disillusionment of A Poet Whose Verse Sell by Scores.

TO THE EDITOR OF TRE SUN—Sir: A friend of an inquiring mind wrote me some time since asking what had been my favorite follies during my varied existence and what they were at present After some deliberation I answered him thus:

After some deliberation I answered him thus:
"Moralists tell us that we should all love children alike, and of course we always do as moralists tell us, so that the suggestion we show any favoritism among our large family of follies grates upon us. Personally I am impartial. I never had an actual favorite folly. Every member of the family is dear to me—for the time per of the family is dear to me—for the time pering—but, like a proper matchmaking mother, I endeavor to get rid of my family at the expense of my neighbors as soon as possible. Still, there is always an occupied cradle in my nursery of folilies containing a dear little cherub devil, who folies containing a dear little cherub devil, who is very dear to his father's heart, and who will, I trust, some day be kicked out of his parent's

ront door never to return.

My earliest folly was wisdom. I cultivated wisdom as a vegetarian cultivates a cabbage-o a thistie-or something for everyday use. Finding, however, it was folly to be wise. I threw away ing, however, it was folly to be wise. I threw away
my wisdom, and have not been troubled much
with it ever since. My next folly was trying to
get the better in a single combat of a big boy
named Brown. Five minutes in front of Brown
convinced me I had taken an optimistic view of
the advantages of a duel over those of arbitration. Then the literary folly took hold of me. I
cherished a great poetical foodishness. I thought
I could make my mark in literature. Every one
knows it is only when a man cannot write that
he makes his mark. The first half dozen poems
that I wrote enjoyed so large a measure of un
popularity that I began to think I might become
a literary man after all, but I was undeceived.
My poems began to sell by scores, so I knew they
could not possibly have any literary qualities.
I am still persevering, though up to now I have
received nothing but discouragement, especially
from friends. I know that this last, an abiding
folly—that of being recognized as a producer of folly—that of being recognized as a producer of literature—will one day be thrown aside with the other follies, which have made me believe that this world is eminently adapted as a place of residence for men—and more especially in the

literary line—for women."

To-day I get a postal card with a beautiful nondescript picture on the back and the intimation from my friend that I am a greater fool that he ever supposed.

CAP AND BELLS. NEW YORK, January 15.

Old Time Cold Weather Poetry

From the Kennebec Journal.

On a torn bit of old Farmington Chronicle, yellow with age but bearing no date, was found the llowing: "Written with chalk on the walls e old grist mill at Gibbs Mill (Livermore) On the eighth of June a snowstorm fell,
And the water hard did freeze;
It killed the beans, it killed the corn,
And injured the apple trees.

WILLIAM M. CHASE.

His Retrespective Exhibition.

Isn't it taken for granted that William Merritt Chase is not a man of moods but only a brilliant technician, a beau sabreur of the brush? Brilliant he is, though not in the sense of glittering or glowing color. as a walk through the galleries of the National Arts Club (119 East Nineteenth street) will prove. We call him brilliant because of the general "go" and dash of his performance. There are a dozen of the younger men whose palettes are more scintillating, but the everyday assumption that he is a painter of mere super ficies, a clever painter as to handling, ought not to hold water after even a hasty survey of this retrospective exhibition. the variety of moods set forth; still life is also a mood. Landscape, genre, portraiture and still life are attacked not with brush virtuosity alone, but with a knowledge of the problem involved, a sympathy with the subject, and of course supreme technical ease. Mr. Chase is a temperament, a painting temperament, Uninspired? Yes, by literary motives; aspired by life itself. In the chess play of criticism it is easy to say what he is not. He is not poetical; he has not the Corot tenderness. He is not a mystic; for him El Greco would be a riddle if he were not so catholic in his artistic sympa-thies. Nor is he as subtle as Whistler, as synthetic as Sargent. He is an analyist and has the courage of his eyes; that is, he sincerely transposes in his own personal terms his robust vision of the world vouchsafed him, an imaged world in which are definite shapes and tints and rhythms. A painter then, by the grace of God, as our German friends say; also one who has not allowed his native gifts to lie fal-low, to grow rusty. He never waited for that happy bolt from the blue called inspiration. He painted every day of his the National Arts spell a significant le

for the younger American artists.

When Chase went to Munich he studied ander the guidance of Wagner and Piloty. and like Manet in the atelier of Thoms Couture he gave little heed to his pre ceptors. His temperament did not in dine him to any attempt at reproducing the wan allegories of the Kaulbach school, nor yet to dwell long in the bituminous shadows of Piloty. He was like Chardin, enamored of appearances. What we so loftily classify as still life—as if the greatest portrait or historical piece in the world is aught but still life!-was for him a passion. It may have taken him rears to emancipate himself from the rtificial methods of Munich, yet by her alse idealism he was never entrapped. strates that. He saw the world steadily oberly; a daylight world, full of beauti ful adventures in tonalities, silhouettes and fleeting human expression. No, he s not an idealist, Chase, and would probably pooh-pooh the dream world of Arthu Davies and at the same time praise its rich hues. Standing on as solid underoinnings as his own figures, Chase indulges ong ago knew what he wanted to do, and he is one of those rare and enviable beings

who have accomplished what they set Perhaps therein lies his chief limitation. He is a normal man, not impish, fantastic or caprine, and in his smiling meadows there are no flowers of evil. formula, any more than he is a man of a single mood. And this brings us back to saly experi mented. He has submitted his tempera

our original contention: Chase is a versa tile artist. He has ceasele ment to dangerous influences. Bigg men than he have been swamped in the bath of eclecticism. Following, no matter how reverently, in the footsteps of Velasquez, Sargent and Whistler does not always make for that most precious of breasted these perils and emerged invin-oibly himself. And isn't an ounce of his sincerity worth a ton of academic plati-tudes? Naturally the Chase legend was created by Chase. His vivacity, his deight in astonishing with staccato paraloxes, his hat, his cravat, beard and eyeclasses are survivals of the romantic frame. We forgot to say that "The Red Whistler days. This same vivacity is Roofs of Haarlem" is a warm color effect; sometimes disconcerting when trans-ferred to his canvas and gives the im-in some of the larger landscapes. pression of a shallowness that is not an essential trait. He paints swiftly as he thinks swiftly, and there are days when feeling, choice of theme and artistic attithe current brawls through a shallow bed: but such mutations need not concern us many of his friends, followers of Gérôme. now. The triumphs of an artist should be

neasured, not his failures.

The astounding frankness of our artist note, an alert, combative, cheerful note, is exemplified by his gathering of all sorts and conditions of pictures at this retrospective show. It is in the true sense a backward glance at his achievements. Hung pelimell, the catalogue giving no clue to the birth date of the pictureswhich it should have done-we are confronted by a Chase of various periods and more baffling still a Chase who painted like a little god thirty years ago. That famous "Ready for the Ride," one of the earliest of his important productions, contains as beautiful passages of paint as anything he essayed afterward. But is it du vrai Chase? We do not think so. The golden pate-blond pallor would be a better phrase—the beauty of the hair, the general morbidezza of the skin, the blacks of the habit, the peaked hat gloves and pose, all suggest older models blending of Hals and Van Dyck; the naffected naturalism of the one, the aristocratic grace of the other. drawing is that of a master; alone the expressive features foreshadow the later hase. It is a handsome picture, a stunner, f we may employ studio slang; with the tone of time," and, let us add, overvarnished.

What then precisely does William M

Chase stand for in the art of to-day? At the risk of tooting the horn patriotic, he is to his friends; the most marked and disto our notion preeminently an American artist. There is no such thing as an American technique; crisp, bold brush work clear, brilliant coloring, these are the property of no particular nation in the twen-tieth century. But a man's vision may be both his own and in a general way that of his native land. Our native temper ment is not rich or highly imaginative Poe, our representative lyric poet, was glacial on the human side; and what could be more frostily cerebral than the crystalline verse of Emerson? Whitman, not withstanding his turbulent fancies, his invocation of the great god Pan, stirs the nerves more than he warms the heart. Are we really a chilly people? Are we absolutely devoid of ideals, so called? Our literature does not definitely answer; it rather shirks the question. Our painters, however, do answer, and in no uncertain matter. The landscapists are nearly all pantneists, whether sun worshippers like Hassam, mystics like Davies, or poetic with Homer Martin. Our mural decorators are men of force and imagination.
Our figure and genre painters, realists as a rule, portray types of American men and women and the happenings of our home.

life. On the side of the realists it is easy DUELLING IN THE OLD NAVY. to range Chase.

his love of certain lovely aspects of life.

happy, too successful to be "interesting"

him moral vivisection has few attractions

and vivisection is demanded nowadays of

or first study at the head of Emil Paur,

the conductor and composer. Ursus

major! you say, as you note the heard

reddish down. A type and an individual.

A man who tells you less of himself here.

just because his externals are so pro-

nounced, than in his music or his con-

ducting. The Whistler, all individual,

no type-except the genus feline-is a

spilling of his mental and physical char-

acteristics that amazes you. Here is

psychology, if you will, and by sleight

and execution is in the Whistlerian key

We like it better than Boldini's portrait

though it is not so brilliantly diabolic;

but it is truer. The catlike, treacherous

James, James the supercilious, the vair

Jimmie and Jim the dandy are indicated

in unerring strokes. That forefinger

flexed at the top of the cane, that deadly

glare from the eye behind the monocle

the coy "cheeky" advanced foot, the

did Chase understand the character of

his dear friend the sinister and magnetic

Many of the canvases are hopelessly

outmoded in the matter of style and paint

rious portraits of the painter's wife, the

portraits of Louis Windmüller, Jay Cooke,

connoisseur in fish and in fruit-and those

subtle tonal pictures, "Lady With the White Shawl," "The Open Japanese Book," "Hide and Seek." "The Red Kimono,"

they are Chase to the very edges of the

men, we should have lost the racy native

The Late William M. Laws.

From the Burlington Magazine.
Just as this number of the Burlington

Magazine is going to press we have received the sad and unexpected news of the death of Mr. William M. Laffan of New York.

have any idea of how serious this loss is to

disinterested reverence for beauty. In the

cially his own-that of Oriental porcelain-

the admirable catalogue of the Morgan

collection bears witness to his capacity and discrimination; but in all branches of art

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: The people

the board local subway trains at the Eighty sixth treet station, one of the most important local

stations on the system owing to the fact that it

is supposed to accommodate a populous district of the upper West Side, have a just complaint sgainst the Interborough rapid transit system, it often happens in the morning that local trains are behind their schedules when they reach the Ninety-sixth street station above. The train deposition at that station then believe ordered.

despatcher at that station then issues orders for the local train to make up some of the lost time. There is no way to make up this lost time but to have the train skip some of the local sta-

train shoot past you at undiminished speed. What is particularly aggravating is that the next

local train is generally a good many minutes behind

NEW YORK, January 15.

BIGHTY STATE STREET.

obably few of our European readers will

though not profound or spiritual.

slender waist and waspish express

James McNeill Whistler?

his heart side.

f hand mimicry the entire compos

lamours of Giorgione!

The Facts of the Hope-Jones En It would never occur to him to illusand of Some Other Affairs. trate a line from Ossian or Swinburne. Painting according to his idea is an affair TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: I have read with great interest in The Sun of January 2 an editorial article entitled "Duels of energy, observation and beautiful surfaces. Music and moonlight he leaves of American Naval Officers," in which ocfor the poets of the brush. Not a Peter curs the following passage:

Prim, nevertheless a Kennebec salmon The last duel recorded was fought in 1849 at Old Point-Comfort by Mr. James Hope, a civilian, and Midshipman J. P. Jones, who used the pistol with which his grandfather. Commodore Barren is to him a salmon, and with what simple intention and peaceful brush he transcribes its glistening wet bulk! He is as killed Commodore Decatur: both Hope and Jones humble as a scientist before the scales were wounded, but not seriously, at thi of a herring, the belly of a skate, the As I knew both of these gentlemen long and well (in fact, from my early boyhood tentacles of a cuttlefish. (He has reproduced the very texture of a small devilmore than fifty years ago) will you allow fish; you feel, indeed, the tactile values ne a correction? of the writhing arms.) He has painted civilian," was James Barron Hope, at the time of the duel a youngster of 22, who the veritable portraits of fruit and vegeafterward became a conspicuous figure tables and copper stewpans. There is the beauty of what we call "reality," and in Virginia as poet, man of letters and editor, Chase has never failed to sense it. (Many and who died universally lamented in 1882 His mother was Jane Barron, daughter of other "realities" have never attracted Commodore James Barron, and he was his attention. He has his blind side.) named for his grandfather, whose pistol he used in his duel with Midshipman Jones. In vain we look for high passion, resound ing dramatic themes in his pictures. Being an American, he goes to the theatre Though a "civilian," Hope belonged to what used to be known as "a navy family." having many close kinsmen in the old navy for his drama, and the newly awakening iousness of a tiny lovely child is far more entrancing to him than the big drums of the operatic or the amorous He is too sympathetic with the dear com mon joys of life to be frigid, remote objective. He can communicate to us

(among others Captain Sam Barron of Tripoli fame, and the younger Captain Sam Barron, who resigned in 1861 and did good service in the Confederate Navy), and when he fought this duel he had recently returned from a cruise in the old Cyane, on which ship he had served as secretary to Cantain Payne. Captains (afterward Com modores) Blake and Prendergast, U. S. N., were also his uncles by marriage. The truth is that Chase has been too batanta were "not seriously" wounder As a matter of fact both were so desperately wounded that their lives were despaired of for many weeks after the encounter. portrait painters. Alas for the golden

Hope's antagonist, John Pembroke Jones (always known as Pembroke Jones), who afterward became a distinguished officer in the Confederate Navy, Flag Lieutenans to Commodore Tatnall when the latter Yet he has a revelatory brush when he wishes. Look at the Whistler portrait, assumed command of the Virginia (Merri mac) after Admiral Buchanan had to be rehair, eyelashes, eyebrows, the fur collar lieved because of wounds received in the fight with the Monitor, is still living (now of the coat, the strong hands flushed with resident of California), and is the oldest surviving graduate of the Naval Academy. The duel caused the most tremend

excitement all through Tidewater Virrinia, and especially in the historic little iown of Hampton, the native place of many Hopes, Barrons and Joneses. The original quarrel was between Pembroke Jones's prother Booker and Hope and dated back several years, when the last two were stulents at William and Mary College

Hope, on his return from his cruise in Sir Fretful Plagiary calls some "damned good natured friend") that Booker Jones had been making disparaging about him previous to Booker Jones's in bitter terms. Pembroke Jones, who of Hope's caustic remarks and at once chal lenged him. Hope graciously replied that he "had no quarrel with Midshipman Jones. whom he highly respected," and suggested that the whole matter be postponed until the arrival of the brother which would be in a few weeks, when he should instantly demand a full apology or "the satisfaction usual among gentle

Other days, other ways. His portraits, Jones's second, whom I remember peron the whole, are his best claims upon fectly, in some unaccountable fashion took up the idea that Hope was "crawfish posterity. His still life, we assume, will took up the idea that Hope was "crawfishing" and without consulting Jones decided to press matters and secure a little glory for his man. He speedily found out that he had made the mistake of his life. Hope read between the lines of his reply to his suggestion what was passing through his mind and sent an answer to that reply fhat made a hostile meeting inevitable. Jones's second, now recognizing his stupid blunder, made effort after effort to effect an honorable arrangement, but Hope in his natural indignation turned a deaf ear to all his overtures. But it is certain that he would never have fired at Jones had he been fully informed of all the circumstances. They fought at ten paces and both fell desperately and it was supposed mertally wounded. Hope, while both lay in agony on the field, sent his second at once to his antagonist "with his compliments and trusted that he was not seriously hurt."

They became great friends afterward and were both regular attendants of "old St. John's" Episcopal Church in Hampton, of which my father was many years rector. I constantly saw both of them in our home, and after Lgrew to manhood was honored with Hope's intimate friendship until his death. He believed until his dying day absolutely in the code duello, but was one always be admired; his landscapes are, we ing" and without consulting Jones decided fear, hostages to fortune (and they represent his palette at its clearest, at its most sparkling), his genre pieces show him on Several of his interiors are charged with sentiment-not sentimentality. Then he can wave his little wand and give us a studio that is as gemtike as Fortuny. In "Two Sisters" the psychology is thin and splintery; all is prettiness and fashionable favor, though the fabrics are gorgeously depicted. "His First Portrait" is a mood, a maternal mood; while "When One Is Old," with its loose handling and homely pathos, would please the veteran Joseph Israels. And the va

Alfred Stieglitz (observe the painting of the eyeglass lens), an "Artist," a noble interpretation; of little Miss Barney, of death. He believed until his dying day absolutely in the code duello, but was one of the gentlest, most genial and most amiable men I have ever known.

Everybody loved him, for he had the tender heart and open hand, and became a sort of arbiter in "affairs of honor," and I feel sure prevented by his tact and authority more hostile encounters than any other man of his time in Virginia.

The fact is that in the first fifty years of the nimeteenth century the young bucks of the "Old Navy" fought about anything or nothing. Lieutenant Bushrod Washington Hunter, a great-great-nephew of Georgeon -you realize that Mr. Chase is one of our greatest portrait painters as well as a

of the "Old Navy" fought about anything or nothing. Lieutenant Bushrod Washington Hunter, a great-great-nephew of George Washington, who served under my uncle, William Gordon, as a midshipman, told me that before he reached the rank of Lieutenant he had been principal on second in twenty-two duels.

I come of a navy family myself on my mother's side, nearly every one of my Gordon kinsmen having been officers in the service. It may fairly be asserted that William

Merritt Chase is an American painter in tude. If he had remained abroad like so Bonnat, Bouguereau and the Barbizon

the service.
One of my great-uncles, Captain Alexander Gordon, had the misfortune to kill in his first duel a shipmate whom he greatly loved, but who had forced the fighting, and after that seemed to wish to throw his life away, for he tought six other duels and came to be regarded as a dangerous man. On the other hand Alexander's brother, nother great-uncle, for whom Law named. came to be regarded as a dangerous man.

On the other hand Alexander's brother, another great-unite, for whom I am named, Captain William Lewis Gordon, U. S. N. to whom Virginia veted a sword of honor for his splendid gailantry as a young officer under Hull in 1812, set his face sternly against duelling, and before he sailed out of Norfolk, Va., on his first and last voyage as Captain, called together his wardroom officers, as one of them told me, and said simply: "I'll have no fighting in my ship, young gentlemen. Better leave your duelling among you there'll be no shore leave for you during the three years we shall be gone." Of course he didn't object to their fighting French or English officers if these last showed any discourtesy to them or the service, and het himself, as a very young with English officers; but he always said in his gentle way that "there was nothing personal in it: I thought that the honor of the service required it and it made there gentlemen more careful in their remarks."

I may add that I have read Commodore Barron's account (in manuscript) of the trouble between Decatur and himself and of the events leading up to that fatal english of the service required it and himself and of the events leading up to that fatal english of the course leading up to that fatal english of the vents leading up to that fatal english of the vents leading up to that fatal english of the vents leading up to that fatal english of the vents leading up to that fatal english of the vents leading up to that fatal english of the vents leading up to that fatal english of the vents leading up to that fatal english of the vents leading up to that fatal english of the vents leading up to that fatal english of the vents leading up to that fatal english of the vents leading up to that fatal english of the vents leading up to that fatal english of the vents leading up to that fatal english of the vents leading up to that fatal english of the vents leading up to that fatal english of the vents leading up to that fatal eng have any idea of now serious this loss is to the real interests of art in America. As a trustee of the Metropolitan Museum of New York he was indefatigable and self-sacri-ficing in his efforts to promote the perma-nent welfare of that institution and to aid in every way in his power a genuine and discrimination; but in all branches of art with which the museum was concerned the weight of his influence was consistently exercised in the encouragement of a scholarly and serious conception of the public function of art. His interest in the aims of the Burlington Magazine was constant, and we owe him a deep debt of gratitude for his cordial and generous support. This is not the place to speak of his extraordinary talent as a journalist, of the exquisite quality of his incisive humor, or of those personal characteristics which endeared him to his friends; the most marked and distinguishing quality of his character was his power to retain at heart, in whatever circumstances the vicissitudes of life placed him, the candor and the indifference to common ambitions of a genuine artist.

Arbitrary Subway Management.

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Arbitrary Subway Management.

To the Editors of The Sun Sir. The people.

THE SUN derived its information from

an article by Mr. Charles Oscar Paullin in United States Naval Institute Proceedings for December, 1909 Appointed for Fitzville.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-SIF: B. E. Stille otographer, does business on Washington street, right where the subway trains run up BOSTON, January 14.

Up State Society Note. New Milford correspondence Goshen Independent Republican. William Green has his techouse full and expects

Winter in the Desert.

Abou Ben Adhem explained.
"I have the snow promptly shovelled from the dewalk in front of my vacant property," he with the engel fell over himself to write